

A Pet of The
Public.

Miss Clara St. Casse.

To be returned when used.

J. R. S. = 10/2/02

THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
WARWICK
LIBRARY

The Gift of
Mrs G. F. Hall



A PET OF THE PUBLIC.

A FAIR

IN ONE ACT.

BY

EDWARD STIRLING,

Author of "The Lost Diamonds," "Singular Sentence," "Cheap Excursion,"
"Bohemians," "Woman's the Devil," "Blue Jackets," "Captain Charlotte,"
"Christmas Carol," "Mother's Bequest," "Aline," "Ragged School,"
"Nicholas Nickleby," "Cricket on the Hearth," "John Felton,"
"Mary Tudor," "Clarissa," "Cabin Boy," "Spirit of
the Loom," "My Wife's Nose," "Rag-Picker
of Paris," &c. &c. &c.

THOMAS HAYES

WELLINGTON. Mademoiselle de La.
something handsome for me.
es are like kisses—not to be trusted.

*First Performed at the Strand Theatre,
on Monday, November 7th, 1853.*

Characters.

✓ TANCRED DORVILLE (<i>a Singer of the Opera</i>)	{ MR. MOORHOUSE. MR. KENLOCK.
✓ MONSIEUR PIERRE DISCOUNT (<i>a Merchant</i>)	MR. WARREN.
LEOPOLD OLWITZ (<i>a young German Artist</i>)	MR. HENRY MANLY.
✓ SIMON STUBBS (<i>an English Servant to Dorville</i>).....	MR. R. FAWCETT SMITH
EMILY DE LANCY (<i>an Actress, assuming the Characters of La Petite Madeline, a Peasant from Picardy, Serjeant Bombadier, Fan Fan Moustache of the old Guard</i>)	MISS REBECCA ISAACS.
LOUISE (<i>Servant to Dorville</i>)	MISS FANNY BEAUMONT

Costumes.

DORVILLE.—Modern French brown coat, grey trousers, and dress boots.

M. DISCOUNT.—Brown coat and white waistcoat.

OLWITZ.—Blue frock coat, white waistcoat, and brown trousers.

STUBBS.—Drab livery suit.

EMILY.—*First Dress*—a red petticoat, blue stockings, brown velvet body, and high plain cap. *Second Dress*—a grey great coat, red epaulettes, shako, belts, red trousers, and sword. *Third Dress*—an elegant morning or walking dress, blue silk and white.

LOUISE.—Silk .. and cap.

Samuel Galbraith

A PET OF THE PUBLIC.

SCENE.—*An elegant Apartment, centre doors, and doors R. and L.; a window in the flat, furniture fashionable.*

SIMON discovered sleeping in a large chair.

SIMON. (*talking in his sleep*) Another, Louise—only a little one!

Enter LOUISE, L., very gently.

LOUISE. As I guessed, asleep again! this man does nothing but sleep. Are Englishmen always asleep, I wonder?

SIMON. Sweet Louise! suffer me to do as I please.

LOUISE. He's dreaming about me, poor fellow.

SIMON. I wonder how much money she's worth?

LOUISE. Wretch!

SIMON. I'd marry her to-morrow.

LOUISE. Marry me!

SIMON. If she's rich——

LOUISE. These English are all money hunters.

SIMON. Simon Stubbs, bachelor, to Louise Concon, spinster, asked three times—with—— (*snores*)

LOUISE. A wasp on his nose! (*striking with her pocket handkerchief*)

SIMON. (*starts up*) Coming directly, sir—did you ring? (*rubbing his eyes*) Louise!

LOUISE. Yes; Louise, sir. Very pretty conduct, sleeping in the day—when master is expected to return every minute.

SIMON. Don't spoil your pretty mouth with frowns, my little *bon bon*, you know how I am grieved when you are displeased.

LOUISE. Especially if you knew how much money I possessed. Paltry individual! I despise such enquiries: you desire the pocket, not the heart.

SIMON. What is it you mean?

LOUISE. Your meaning's palpable, sir! My savings, not my heart, is what you covet.

SIMON. Mademoiselle Louise!

LOUISE. Mr. Simon! In your sleep the truth came out—people should be careful what they say in their sleep. My fortune you'll never touch—not a sou.

SIMON. Your fortune! Come, that's not bad. No money in the bank, and less in your pockets. (*laughs*)

LOUISE. No impertinence, if you please. Mademoiselle de Lancy has promised to do something handsome for me.

SIMON. Promises are like kisses—not to be trusted.

LOUISE. Trusted! Perhaps you are not aware the lady is now in Paris, and is coming to fulfil her promise. I received a letter from her this morning—(*gives letter*)—she wishes me to live with her.

SIMON. (*returning the letter*) How comfortable we shall be darling, eh?

LOUISE. We, sir? *I*, you mean.

SIMON. You and *I*—she'll want a valet. You'll attend to her, and I'll attend to you. (*placing his arm round her*, ~~As~~ *a door heard shutting*)

LOUISE. Hush, it's master.

SIMON. Can't help it. (*kissing her*)

DORVILLE. (*without*) Simon, where are you?

LOUISE runs off, c.

SIMON. In beauty's bower—sipping the fairest flower.

Enter DORVILLE, dressed very fashionably.

DORVILLE. Breakfast—instantly.

SIMON. Yes, sir. (*SIMON rings bell*)

DORVILLE. Where is the paper?

SIMON. Under the letters, sir.

DORVILLE. And the letters?

SIMON. On the paper, sir.

DORVILLE. (*reading paper*) What is going forward in the theatrical world, eh?

SIMON. Stagnation, sir. "Capturous applause"—"over-flowing houses," &c. &c.!

DORVILLE. Who is this person—this Mademoiselle de Lancy—is she any-body? they speak well of her in the papers.

SIMON. She's made a rare hit, sir.

DORVILLE. A hit! Without me? Impossible! Is she pretty?

SIMON. Wonderful, sir! And such a voice—a scale that runs from a church organ to a penny whistle. Success immense—shouts of applause! Crowded houses! Hundreds of bouquets I know the man that contracts for them. Bills with red and blue letters—long as my arm; in fact, a blaze of triumph—see public press.

DORVILLE. This is astonishing!

SIMON. She's astonished the natives! Perhaps you know her, sir.

DORVILLE. I am acquainted with every pretty woman & celebrity. (*a knock heard*) Who is that?

SIMON. The knocker, sir! (*going*)

DORVILLE. Idiot!

Exit, SIMON.

(*reading the paper*) This new appearance is not agreeable—a rival star is scarcely to be tolerated, particularly when that star happens to be a pretty woman. Taste is so fickle: she actually might (although it's scarcely possible) divide the attraction with my!

Enter MONSIEUR DISCOUNT and LEOPOLD, followed by SIMON.

DISCOUNT. My dear fellow, I'm delighted to welcome your!

DORVILLE. Thank you, Discount, thank you.

DISCOUNT. Permit me to introduce Monsieur Leopold Olwitz—a rising genius. Monsieur Dorville, our great singer—a star of the first magnitude.

SIMON. (*aside*) See posters on the walls! (*placing breakfast*)

DORVILLE. Charmed to know you, sir! Have you breakfasted, gentlemen? (*all sit; SIMON hands coffee*) Your reputation, sir, reached us six months since—in fact, the noise of your clever elopement was the talk of the green room for a whole day—fortunate fellow to carry off such a prize—a faultless beauty! (*sipping*) pardon my envy!

LEOPOLD. You flatter, Monsieur!

DORVILLE. On my honour, no! I ~~never~~ beheld a finer specimen of the animal creation—perfect—quite perfect in all her points.

LEOPOLD. Were you acquainted with Mademoiselle de Lancy, sir?

DORVILLE. My dear sir, I am acquainted with every woman in France, attractive woman I mean. Don't let this trifling circumstance annoy you, it's the penalty one pays to popularity—the sweet creatures are all fascinated. By—by—one's celebrity—(*sips coffee*)

DISCOUNT. (*aside to LEOPOLD*) A lady-killer and a boaster. Don't regard him. By-the-bye, were you at the Opera last night? Mademoiselle de Lancy made another brilliant success—a furor! You know her, Dorville, of course?

DORVILLE. (*smiling*) What a question! know her!—is she not indebted to me for—sugar, Simon —(*SIMON hands it*)—for her position.

LEOPOLD. (*aside*) Coxeomb! Is she a Parisian?

DORVILLE. No, from Picardy—large family—humble means—ought the stage as a resource—wanted patronage—I saw, admired—and—and she is out. *Exit, SIMON, c.*

LEOPOLD. Do you infer— (*hastily*)

DORVILLE. Nothing—I infer nothing. (*smiling*)

DISCOUNT. (*to DORVILLE*) He is from Picardy, and possibly may be acquainted with the lady.

DORVILLE. Possibly—perhaps a rival—I pity him. Mademoiselle de Lancy will honour me with a visit to day. This ring was a precious token of her esteem. (*displays ring*) This box, of her regard. (*presents snuff box*) A pretty trifle, eh! Worlds could not purchase the priceless treasure. (*kissing box and sighing*)

LEOPOLD. It is unbearable. (*aside*)

DISCOUNT. I should like to know this new pet-of-the public!—
Can't you introduce us, Dorville? My friend would be delighted.

LEOPOLD. Exceedingly!

DORVILLE. Important engagements prevent it this morning—in fact—this is strictly confidential—I am engaged to sit for a miniature—to gratify her. (*rising, looking at watch*) I see the hour is come—will you pardon my absence, gentlemen?

DISCOUNT. Certainly, certainly—no apologies—I'll walk with you to the artist's.

LEOPOLD. I should prefer waiting your return, if Monsieur Dorville will so far extend his hospitality. (*bowing*)

DORVILLE. You honour me too much. *Au revoir, mon chere.*

Exit, c.

DISCOUNT. (*aside to LEOPOLD*) He's my friend, but don't believe a word he utters. *Exit, c.*

LEOPOLD. Not believe him! There must be cause for his inuendoes—some mystery exists; I cannot for a moment suppose her false to me. No, no—there is too much sincerity in her nature. This empty fop shall substantiate his boastings, or account for them to me. If I complain to her I shall be laughed at—my jealousy ridiculed—perhaps deservedly! What course shall I pursue—why should she visit him? I saw a note written to him this morning, that fact induced me to accompany Discount here. If he's—

MADemoisELLE DE LANCY. (*without*) Not at home! Very well, Louise, I'll wait his return. Don't trouble.

LEOPOLD. Emily! My suspicions are confirmed!

Enter MADemoisELLE DE LANCY, in a fashionable morning dress, c.

DE LANCY. Leopold! what a recontré! Why are you here, *mon ami*?

LEOPOLD. Why are *you* here, Emily?

DE LANCY. A little business, *mon chere*.

LEOPOLD. A little business, madam?

DE LANCY. Bless me, Leopold! how sombre you look. Anything happened? Stocks fallen? Spoilt a picture? or lost your money and temper at *écarté* eh?

LEOPOLD. Madam!

DE LANCY. (*laughing*) Monsieur!—Or is it a little bit of jealousy? that green-eyed monster you so love to feed on, eh?

LEOPOLD. Allow me to congratulate you on your new conquest Monsieur Dorville. The presents I've seen—they do justice to your refined taste.

DE LANCY. Presents?

LEOPOLD. Genuine gratitude could offer nothing less than brilliant rings and gold snuff boxes to one you are so much indebted to.

DE LANCY. (*laughing*) My dear Leopold! your poor head is certainly affected.

LEOPOLD. Why is this **coxcomb**, Dorville, preferred to me?

DE LANCY. Excellent! superb! Oh, if you could only sketch the effect of your countenance now, you'd surely carry off the Academy prize. (*laughs and imitates*) Such expression!

LEOPOLD. Am I a subject of ridicule, madam?

DE LANCY. That you **certainly** are, my love; and a very good one just now. (*laughs*)

LEOPOLD. Dare not, madam—

DE LANCY. Oh! do **that** again—it's capital! What a sublime tragedian you would make—an eminent one! (*imitating*) "Dare you, madam!" Oh! pray repeat the performance till further notice—by desire. Do, do!

LEOPOLD. Perfidious creature! Scorn, trample on my affections—

DE LANCY. A truce to jesting, Leopold. Really, you cause me to blush for your folly—pray be more yourself. The day Emily

De Lancy gave her hand, her honour was also pledged, and De Lancy the actress, will never forfeit it. Listen patiently. Monsieur Dorville is a weak vain man, addicted to boasting, and riding with the reputation of women. I have not escaped his notice, having presumed to make me the subject of his conversation, even before his return to Paris. Resolving to prevent any further annoyance, I came here to caution him; to deter the slander, or revenge myself and sex at the expense of his courage and vanity.

LEOPOLD. Dearest Emily, will you pardon my unjust suspicions? *(taking her hand)*

DE LANCY. You really behave so very bad. Mistrust me? Fie! e! What do you deserve? There—no desponding looks. *(gives her hand)* I'll tell you my plan as we return. The gentleman not being at home, I must honour him with another visit, which agreeable circumstance he shall not easily forget, or I am no actress. — *Alone*

Exit with LEOPOLD, R. C.

(LOUISE hastens on, c.)

LOUISE. Fly, fly, madam—master's coming. She has flown with the gentleman in moustachios. How becoming they are! I wish Simon would take to their cultivation: they'd give him such an air—besides, everybody wears them now-a-days, it's so imposing: 's such a cheap substitute for ability and brains.

DORVILLE re-enters, c.—*throws himself on a couch.*

DORVILLE. Monsieur Olvitz gone?

LOUISE. Yes, sir.

DORVILLE. Not sorry for it. He appears thoughtful—inclined to question rather too much. Have my bills arrived?

LOUISE. Yes, sir; and the tailor says unless you pay the last year's account he'll send all his workmen into the theatre to hiss at you on your first appearance.

DORVILLE. Malicious ruffian! The public would defend me. Defy his shears of hate. Where is Simon?

LOUISE. Asleep, sir; deeply engaged in an Essay on Sleep.—He snuffles hard, sir.

DORVILLE. And practises diligently. Send him to me. *(aloud)* *What* *asking* What barbarian is that? *(LOUISE runs to window)*

LOUISE. A pretty girl.

DORVILLE. Admit her instantly. — I am not at home to all persons' mind. *(LOUISE exits—adjusts his hair at glass)* Beau coup! pretty well, though not one of our best looking days, Mon cher! little more colour wanted. Ma foi! These fogs cloud our sun.

LOUISE. *(re-enters)* A young person calling herself De Lancy, sir, wishes to see you.

DORVILLE. Does she? Shew her in. *(exit LOUISE)* I'm enchanted! Moments are ages. *(he sits in a studied attitude)*

LOUISE *re-enters, introducing* MADMOISELLE DE LANCY, C., *disguised as a Peasant Girl, in sabots, provincial dress—she appears most awkward, and curtsseys and gazes round vacantly.*

LOUISE. That's my master, Monsieur Dorville. (*aside to her*) Beautiful! Don't spare him.

Exit, laughing, c.

DE LANCY. (*advancing curtsying*) I hope you're well, Monsieur, this fine morning—and madame, and all the family.

DORVILLE. (*turning round*) Family? I've no family, child.

DE LANCY. Dear me! that is a pity. What will the world do when you grow old? Such a beautiful man!

DORVILLE. Where is your mistress, child? I am ready to receive her.

DE LANCY. Receive who?

DORVILLE. Ma'amselle de Laney.

DE LANCY. (*laughs loud*) Why, that's me—my identical self! My name's Madeline; and my sister's the new actress—the Pet of the Public—and I want to be a pet too: that brings me to Paris. I've got a voice—folks in Picardy do say it's worth hearing. (*laughs*) Shall I try? (*sings*)

DORVILLE. Not now—I'm engaged.

DE LANCY. That's just what I want to be. I've heard you can bring me out. I'm not a fool—I can learn anything.—can milk the cows, make butter, ~~surely~~ brew beer, keep poultry, sow, reap, fry eggs and omelets, spin, sing, dance, and ride to market to sell my wares.

DORVILLE. Polite accomplishments! May I ask the nature of your business with me?

DE LANCY. Nature? oh, nature has nothing to do with ~~it~~ ~~it's~~ art. I've a voice! (*sings loud*) Ain't it like a cuckoo?

DORVILLE. A doubt cannot exist on that subject.

DE LANCY. I want to be rich—to sing at the great operahouses—(*sings loud, burlesquing Italian*)—I want to be heard.

DORVILLE. If you do sing, there will be no fear of that.

DE LANCY. I'll sing you our fête song in Picardy; but you mustn't look me full in the face, because I'm ashamed. (*simper*) Your eyes dazzle a body so. // *Song introduced* //

DORVILLE. There's some taste and feeling. What a misfortune she should be so outré.

DE LANCY. Will you patronize me? Make me the fashion—the town talk—the rage—and all that? just as you did for sister Grizzle. Her name's Grizzle, although they print Adolphe Augusta Matilda, in their play bills—it looks so fine and grand.

DORVILLE. Is she really acquainted with me?

DE LANCY. (*laughing*) Is she? Oh! oh! you sly man! Is she? that's all. (*nodding her head*) Ah, ah! remember the locust walk by moonlight. I was peeping in the orchard ha! ha!

DORVILLE. Indeed!

DE LANCY. Now don't you affect ignorance. You know we

well she has only been called De Lancy two or three months. We've all christened our names De Lancy at home—it sounds much better than Grizzle, don't it? We're all Grizzles at the farm.

DORVILLE. Grizzle!

DE LANCY. Yes—it's a pretty name for the country, ain't it?

DORVILLE. Amazing!

DE LANCY. Don't let sister know I told you—she's so anxious to hide it. When can you bring me out? I'll come here to practice every day. (*sings*) Sol-fa! There's a G! (*takes out a sheet of music and tries the scale*)

DORVILLE. What am I to do with the little Goth? Take her to the theatre: the manager will soon dispatch her. My dear, I will introduce you to the conductor of the theatre at once. (*rings*)

DE LANCY. Oh, dear! hadn't I better change my shoes first? (*Simon enters*) I'm such a guy!

DORVILLE. The carriage—directly! Excuse me a few moments. *Exit, R.*

DE LANCY. (*rising*) Simon!

SIMON. Mister Simon, if you please.

DE LANCY. Well, then, Mister Simon, where is Louise?

SIMON. Can't say—if I could, perhaps I shouldn't.

Re-enter LOUISE, hurriedly, L.

DE LANCY. Are my things come?

LOUISE. All in my room, (*points L. Madame*).

DE LANCY. Has it another door?

LOUISE. One that leads to the garden.

DE LANCY. Assist me with my dress.

SIMON. Louise!

DE LANCY. Manage to detain your master when he returns, and I am waiting at the Cafe Richelieu for him.

LOUISE. I will.

DE LANCY. No one must enter your room. Be careful, I entreat, all will be defeated. *Exit L.*

SIMON. Louise, am I to be answered or not?

LOUISE. Well?

SIMON. Is it well? What is going on there? (*points*)

LOUISE. Time, and the clock, if it's wound up.

SIMON. No delusive evasions. Who is she? (*points to L.*)

LOUISE. A woman.

SIMON. Women are all riddles. She seems to be somebody who hides herself.

LOUISE. Do you particularly wish to know who she is?

SIMON. Decidedly!

LOUISE. Then I don't (*laughs*) mean to tell you.

SIMON. Very good. I can never with confidence make you out. Stubbs if secrets are to be kept from me before marriage. (*ts*) Ha! deceiver! It's a man in disguise!

LOUISE. Oh! pardon—pity—forgive me! (*affecting surprise*)

SIMON. It's all over between us! I enter into no foreign negotiations. Now I shall coupe my baton!

LOUISE. Silly little man! (*Knock at door looks from the window, bell rings. r.*) Your master, Simon, be patient, and I'll explain everything. (*runs into room l.*)

SIMON. That girl's a conjurer! I know I'm bewitched! (*Exit. Re-enters with DORVILLE.*)

DORVILLE. Where is Ma'amselle de Lancy?

SIMON. At the Cafe Richelieu, waiting for you, sir.

DORVILLE. What induced her to go there?

SIMON. I'll find out, if I lose my place. Louise shan't do as she likes with me always. (*Exit. c.*)

DORVILLE. The girl is certainly very piquant, and with cultivation might do. Quite a little rosebud blooming in obscurity. I'll cultivate the tender plant, and assist its growth under a more genial sun. (*going. c. he is intercepted by DE LANCY, disguised as Serjeant Fan Fan Bombadier Napoleon Moustache, in the long grey coat, skako, and blue trousers, of the Old Guard*)

DE LANCY. Halt! front! Stand at ease! (*flourishing his sword*)

DORVILLE. Sir, in your visit to this house you must be mistaken.

DE LANCY. Devil a bit! You are Dorville, the lady killer—I am Fan Fan the man killer! Attention! Prenez garde! Eyes right!

DORVILLE. Are you aware that I am M. Dorville, master of this house, sir?

DE LANCY. (*laughing*) Master! Mon bleu! The strong arm is always the right arm. Stand at ease! Attempt to pass, and by the beard of St. Denis I'll—(*flourishes sword*) Don't my uniform, the ville guard, speak for itself? The snows of Russia and the sands of Egypt have been scattered round me. I've danced a saraband to the music of cannon balls—dined on cartridges and old shoes in the return from Moscow, and drank hock in the Palace of Vienna. By the little corporal's cocked hat we ~~shall~~ learn how to enjoy life; but our hearts are always true to La Belle France, and the flag of freedom!

Song. ●

The tricolour, the flag of France,
The favourite of Mars!
Bellona brave
Is proud to wave
The flag of a thousand wars!
Drums roll merrily, bugles sound,
With piercing fife:
Merrily gild the soldier's life!
~~fan-ta-ra-ra-ra!~~

(*Marches, beating time, and performing the sword exercise*)

Consumed by care, by avarice kill'd—
To poverty some yield:
But 'tis better far
With wound and scar.
To die on the battle field.
Roll drums merrily, bugles sound, &c.
(*Marching. &c.*)

DORVILLE. Pray, what is all this to me? I am perfectly willing to leave glory to those who are paid for it.

DE LANCY. Mon patrie! Hear this, shades of the great Turenne! Conde, and Napoleon! A Frenchman abandon glory? give up fighting and live contented? Monstrous anomaly! It would be impossible!

DORVILLE. Such is my wish. Allow me to pass—I have a lady waiting—

DE LANCY. A lady? Thunder and cannon! That recalls me to my duty. I have a mission—a *coup d'état* to perform: to cut off your head!

DORVILLE. Sir! (*starting*)

DE LANCY. Look on my visage. Who am I?

DORVILLE. I've not the honour of knowing.

DE LANCY. Sacre! But you speedily shall. (*flourishes sword*) Have you settled all earthly matters, coquin?

DORVILLE. Miscreant! the police shall—

DE LANCY. The police! Ha! ha! A word, and you bid this world adieu for ever. I am here to avenge the wrongs of the poor girls you have betrayed—to demand atonement for injured Grizzle, my sister's honour! Don't speak—I'm a walking powder magazine! Don't venture a word—

DORVILLE. I—I'm not acquainted with her.

DE LANCY. You are not? Poltroon! Now don't ignite the fire of my anger—don't! Not know the weak trusting creature? At this very moment, she is secreted in ~~my~~ *my* house—Tartan! A poor silly country girl—a lamb in the lion's den. Oh! mon bleu! I—*falls rapidly to and fro* I shall—

DORVILLE. (*aside*) Saved! If you find her beneath my roof, Search—

DE LANCY. No subterfuge! Villain! (*locks door, re-enters*) No retreating! If you have deceived me, prepare for instant annihilation! (*strikes him and enters room L.*) Sacre!

DORVILLE. I shall be assassinated in my own house. Where is that rascal Simon? Simon! Louise! They are bribed to assist.

DE LANCY *re-enters, L.D., with MADELINE's petticoat on the point of his sword.*

DE LANCY. Rascal! The serpent's fled, leaving her skin. Now my she has been here at your peril! Brigand! Cossack! Too trusting Grizzle, your brother will avenge your wrongs!

DORVILLE. Confusion!

DE LANCY. Before I spring a mine, and blow you to the devil, I'll show you the ring and snuff box that my other infatuated sister, the *ress*, gave you.

DORVILLE. She never gave me either, Monsieur Serjeant.

DE LANCY. Never? You boasted of having received her gifts an hour since on this spot.

DORVILLE. A little innocent *badinage*; nothing more.

DE LANCY. Destroy a woman's reputation, and call it innocent. *re!* voleur! We call things by different names in the army.

Give them up! (*flourishes sword, striking him.* DORVILLE *gives ring and snuff box*) Baubles! Now, Monsieur Garcon, fight for your life, if worth the trouble.

DORVILLE. I've no knowledge of fighting.

DE LANCY. I'll teach you, coward! (*drives him round the stage thrusting with sword, which he parries with a sofa cushion*)

DORVILLE. Help! Simon! Louise! Police! (*sinks overpowered by fright on the sofa*)

DE LANCY. He is justly punished. Now to complete the task and clear up the mystery to my dear Leopold. (*sings*)

Roll drums merrily, bugles sound—
Shrill piercing life, &c.

(*Unlocks door, c. and exit L. D.*)

SIMON. (*at c. d.*) This way—I heard master calling for help.

Re-enter SIMON, DISCOUNT, and LEOPOLD, c. d.

SIMON. (*running to DORVILLE*) Master defunct! Shall I run for an undertaker?

DISCOUNT. No, no; we'll try a surgeon first. (*raises his head*) He's only in a swoon.

LEOPOLD. Bleeding wound speedily restore him. Fetch me penknife.

SIMON. Won't a carver do, sir?

DISCOUNT. He revives.

DORVILLE. Spare me! Where am I? That terrible monster!

DISCOUNT. Calm yourself, dear friend; you have nothing to fear.

SIMON. Nothing—I am here, master.

DORVILLE. Are the robbers gone?

SIMON. No, sir—these gentlemen are here.

LEOPOLD. Have you been robbed?

DORVILLE. Yes, and cruelly treated. My ring, snuff box, purse my life only preserved by a miracle: assaulted by a band of brigands. Where are the authorities?

DISCOUNT. Astonishing!

LEOPOLD. Incredible!

DORVILLE. True, sir, true—a melancholy fact.

DE LANCY. (*entering c. doors, in her own attire*) That I can vouch for. The gentleman has been robbed and maltreated.

LEOPOLD. Emily!

DISCOUNT. Ma'anselle de Laney!

DORVILLE. The De Laney!

DE LANCY. The De Laney—come to restore your lost property without the assistance of the police. (*gives snuff box and ring*) Use them with more discretion for the future.

LEOPOLD. What is this mystery?

DE LANCY. One which the papers of to-morrow will fully elucidate greatly to that gentleman's satisfaction and the public amusement. You can now say with some truth that De Laney gave you snuff box and ring; adding a better explanation to it. I hope the issue of this adventure will teach you to be more cautious.

your vainglorious expressions, and increase your charitable opinions towards us poor actresses. Much as we are traduced, it is possible to be devoted to the exercise of virtue and truth; and although exposed to more than the ordinary share of temptation, we are still capable of fulfilling our duties as mothers, wives, and daughters.

DORVILLE. With shame I confess my error. You are——

DE LANCY. The country aspirant for the opera—patient Grizzle, with a voice—ha! ha! Serjeant Fan Fan Bombadier Genadier Napoleon Monstache, the man killer—and De Laney, a--

DISCOUNT. Pet of the Public.

DE LANCY. At your service, (*curtsies*) monsieur.

DORVILLE. Pardon, pardon——

DE LANCY. (*smiling*) Ask my husband, the friend of my child—od. (*taking LEOPOLD's hand*) Your jealous fears are allayed. In chere?

LEOPOLD. For ever. As Monsieur Dorville's lesson has been her severe, we must forgive.

DORVILLE. Out-generalled, I confess. Henceforth let your sex spare—I shall be merciless.

DE LANCY. (*smiling*) Pray have compassion—you refuse? Then must appeal to (*to Audience*) a tribunal where consideration and goodness is never withheld, when deserved from a PET OF THE PUBLIC.

ON. DORVILLE. DE LANCY. LEOPOLD. DISCOUNT.
L.

Curtain.

Thief

Rig
Ser
fre
nog
O'D
r=
l r
/to

James H. Cook

Henry Deane & Son
Le 21